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GPamph. 2139 (1)

CORYDON QUERENS;

CARMEN PASTORALE.

1608/4053.

CORYDON QUERENS;

CARMEN PASTORALE,

Tertio Editum.

Latine reddidit V. BOURNE,
Collegii Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienſes Socius.

LONDINI:

Sumptibus B. BARKER, apud quem proſtant;
& apud J. ROBERTS, in Vico dicto
Warwick-Lane. 1726. (Pret. 3 *d.*)

31 67
MAR

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Honoratissimo Domino

GULIELMO

Domino *ABERGAVENNY*,

Carmen hoc Pastorale

Latine redditum,

Et, quod adjicitur, Elegiacum,

Humillime offert & dedicat

Vincentius Bourne.

COLIN's Complaint.

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.

The Winds, that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas!

CORYDON Querens.

DEceptos Paſtor ſecum meditatus amores,
Ad ripam jacuit prætereuntis aquæ;
Dumque recenſebat falſæ perjuria Nymphæ,
Laſſatum ſalices ſuſtinuere caput.
Audierant Zephyri vocem gemituſque dolentis,
Et mœſtis venti congemuere ſonis:
Audierat Rivus; reſonumque ad murmura murmur,
Et queſtum ad queſtus ingeminavit aqua.

Ah

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſt the dear Tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown?
Or, that her fond Heart wou'd not grieve,
To forſake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think, that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our Maidens in grey,
Or live in a Cottage on Love?

Ah miſerum Corydonem! *& durum (fatum!) ante omnia!*
Triſtibus his lachrymans ingemit ille modis.
Adſpexi vultum, lethoque (heu ſidera iniqua!)
Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nuſquam tutus eram; Daphnæ mihi dulcis imago
Ridentis, dulcis ſermo loquentis erat:
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, Quando
Tam ſuave, exclamo, tu, Philomela, canes!

Sæpe mihi dixi, Miſerebitur Illa; ſed unde
Tam noſtræ fieret ruſticitatis amans?
Unde urbis ſplendorem ea ſciret, opeſque ſuperbas
Sordibus exiguæ poſthabuiſſe caſæ?
Credebam tamen ignarus; rebarque quòd eſſet
Inter divitias invenienda fides;
Quòd craſſæ poſſent veſtes, victuſque placere
Ruſticus, atque humili ſub Lare caſtus Amor.

What tho' I have Skill to complain!
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around!
Ah, COLIN! thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel reſign;
Thy Falſe One enclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid.
Tho' through the wide World I ſhou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly:
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change;
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

Quid mihi, Apollineâ cingar quòd tempora Lauru,
Et querulæ nôrim tangere fila Lyræ?
Quid prodeſt, molles numeros ſiquando movebam,
Virgineæ circùm quòd maduêre genæ?
Ah, nihil eſt, Corydon, *Phœbi cur munera jactes;*
Nec Lyra jam decori, nec tibi Laurus erit.
Eſt novus, eſt Daphnæ *felicior Ignis; & illi*
Dulcior eſt calamus, callidiorque manus.

Vos tamen hinc, Comitum pars ô chariſſima, amici
Queis mecum luctus ſunt, ſociuſque dolor,
Parcite vos, quicquid dederint mihi fata ferendum,
Parcite vos Daphnen *inſimulare doli.*
Si toto vagus orbe feror, comitatur euntem
Me mea ſors, nulla diſſocianda fugâ:
Quamvis inteream, Daphne *mutabitur uſque;*
Inteream quamvis, uſque fidelis ero.

If, while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground.
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew;
And when ſhe looks down in my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in golden Array;
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day:
While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

Siquid adhuc poterunt mollescere corda, nec omnis
Ex inclementi pectore fugit amor;
Agrestes inter decoret mea funera Nymphas,
Membraque supremo det tumulanda rogo.
Hoc mihi concedat saltem, non multa roganti,
Nudaque Cupressi frondibus ossa tegat;
Relliquiasque urnâ positas ubi viderit, Urna,
Relliquias fidi, dicat, Amantis habes.

Tum gemmis multoque nitens lasciviat auro,
Igne novo felix, deliciisque novis;
Perpetuum, nitidas inter nitidissima Nymphas,
Saltibus absumat lætitiâque diem.
Longùm abes interea, Corydon, *longúmq; licebit*
Absis; te tacitum nox tenebræque premunt:
Ni tua fors, terræ immineat cùm pallida Luna,
Lurida vicinum transvolet Umbra nemus.

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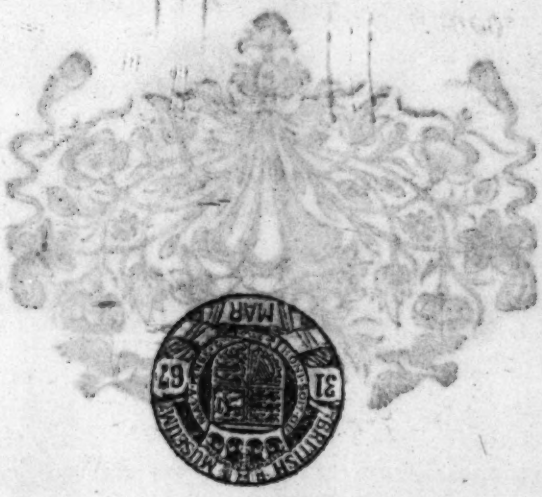
IN OBITUM
ROUSSÆI,
ANNO MDCCXXI,
CARMEN ELEGIACUM.

EDITIO ALTERA.

LONDINI:
Sumptibus B. BARKER. 1726.



IN OBITUM
ROUSSÆI.

Lme Charon, (*nam tandem omnes, qui*
naſcimur & qui
Naſcemur, tua nos Cymba aliquando
manet ;)
Per ripas fer circùm oculos, omneſque recenſe
Manes, ad Stygias qui glomerantur aquas ;
Proſpice, ſi craſſam fors exploraveris Umbram,
Non eſt in toto craſſior Umbra loco.
Luctantem cernes, Animis levioribus actis
Hinc inde, ut cubito pandat utroque viam.

Squalidus & pinguis totus, tibi Navita dextram
Tendet, ad Elysii trajiciendus agros.
Dum vixit, Rousſæus *erat, noſtri accola* Cami;
Quem puerum novit, novit & Unda ſenem.
Navita non illo melior fuit; eſſet agenda
Seu remis, conto ſeu ſubigenda, ratis.
Nec quiſquam ex humero contorſit rete ſiniſtro,
Certius incautis piſcibus exitium.
Quid tamen hæc memoro, Camus *cùm perfidus idem*
Rouſſæum *inviſo merſerit amne ſuum!*
Hunc noſtro ut reddas cœlo, te carmine multo,
Alme Charon, Grantæ *mæſta juventa petit.*
Sin Parcæ prohibent, & inexorabilis Orci,
Quem petimus, reditum Lex inimica vetat:
Hoc ſaltem concede; admotâ ad littora cymbâ,
Per Stygium Nautam tranſvehe Nauta lacum.

Nec

Nec poſcas naulum ; loculos nam vivus inanes
Geſſit, & haud obolum, quem tibi ſolvat, habet.
Quòd ſi tam crebras tranſmittere te piget Umbras,
Et longum refugis, Portitor unus, opus :
Accipe diviſi ſocium comitemque laboris ;
Diviſus levior fiet utrique labor.
Adde quòd (*ut ſimiles eſtis*) *dubitabitur, utrum*
Rouſſæus *geminus ſit, geminuſve* Charon.

FINIS.

31 67 MAR

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